HUNDRED FLOWERS

A WEEKLY FROM NORTH COUNTRY - ONE QUARTER-
JULY 3, 1970 - VOLUME ONE, NUMBER TEN

CELEBRATE THE FOURTH, MAKE THE REVOLUTION

THOMAS LYNCH - HUNDRED FLOWERS

First, to explain what's been happening. We've now lost more printers than we've had issues. When we lose our printer at the beginning of the week, generally we can find another one before Thursday deadline. Two weeks ago we lost three--that is, talked to three on the phone, they agreed to print us, we got there and they refused. It can get you paranoid. So, when we finally got a printer we had the equivalent of two issues, and we came out with another 24-page superdooper issue. We do that as a courtesy to our readers and subscribers who expect each week's news.

Our normal size, that is, the format we think in terms of, is sixteen pages. We'll probably stick to sixteen pages until fall, or until we get better organization

Our major problem with the paper, aside from printers, is getting it distributed. Street vending is the most personal, but it's difficult to keep track of what's happening with the money. As was evident from last week's accounting, we should be making money with the paper--at least enough money to support the staff. We're not quite at that point because a lot of street vendors are not getting the money back to us. Are they ripping us off? How do we deal with it? These are problems we have to solve. The paper belongs to the people, and this means that people must take some responsibility for it. We let the paper out to dealers on consignment because we trust the people--it's up to all the people, and especially the street vendors, to make the paper a success.

Also, a lot of street vendors have been hassled by Police for not having a license. YOU DON'T HAVE TO HAVE A LICENSE. This is an obvious form of police harassment, and vendors should not worry about it. We have the best lawyers in the city anxious for a Constitutional challenge on this. We are not allowed to sell papers on Park property or on privately owned places of business (this includes the Nicollet Mall in downtown Minneapolis), but we feel these ordinances are unfair and discriminatory. This is typical of the tyranny of private property--if you're rich enough you can control the flow of goods and services so completely that there is no freedom of expression for anyone else. HUNDRED FLOWERS vs. Dayton's on the Nicollet Mall is a little like David vs. Goliath.

Venceremos. We Will Win.

P.S. We note with genuine sorrow and despair that Evan Stark will be leaving the area for a few months---up in Northern Wisconsin for a month and then out east at least til March. He will be sorely missed. One of the guiding lights for HUNDRED FLOWERS, he started the earlier HAIR, a precocious underground paper a few years ago. He will continue to write for the paper while in exile, but already we yearn for his ebullient presence.

HUNDRED FLOWERS

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY N.W.R.O.

On Wednesday, June 30th, at sites of public repression throughout the country, the National Welfare Rights Organization (NWRO) celebrated its 4th birthday.

The Minneapolis celebration was small but serious. About 20 mothers and about as many supporters met briefly at the Citizens Aid Building and marched, singing happy birthday to themselves, to the Welfare Offices several blocks away.

Arriving at the office, the group gathered in the main lobby. Social workers drifted in slowly, watching the event with sympathetic disdain.

Then the birthday presents. Bruber, local chief of welfare, was first. He stood broadly grinning, sheepish, for the cameras, as he opened his socks, filled with holes with his name on it.

Then his can of Raid. 'To get the bugs out of the Welfare department,' Joyce Eliot, Welfare mother explained.

Next, Morris Hirsh, State head, not smiling, uncomfortable around his victims. He took his gift and began a retreat to the office.

'Open it, why don't you,' Gruber urged. His presents had been only mildly insulting and he wanted Hirsh to show he too could 'take it like a man'.

So Hirsch opened the gift while the kids moved back knowingly. His face grimaced. Then Mary Altendorf, another mother, stepped up and dumped the two dead mice on the desk in front of Hirsch. He backed off. 'I hope you take those with you when you leave,' he said, leaving.

Next, gifts to the three best workers and the worst one. Finally, Tom Olson, Welfare Board, Kennedy sun-tanned, a little too cute looking, opened his handmade plaque.

Then the party. Birthday cake shared by all---including the workers and the Welfare Advisory Board. Water in small cups. Bread and Water. The diet of the poor. And the dedicated.

NWRO is four years old. During this time it has grown from a tiny group of militants to a national organization which has seized army barracks in Milwaukee, marched on an arsenal in New York, sacked hundreds of welfare offices in major cities but which still, every year, must send hundreds of mothers to jail in order to get enough money to buy their children winter clothing. Nixon proposes guaranteeing them $1600. They want $5500.

When the mice were dropped, the workers came up, made themselves look and backed off. That's their way with reality.

BOOKS

BRONX, N.Y.(LNS)---A dozen different books on resistance, including works by Fr. Daniel Berrigan, now underground, are available from the REsistance Book Distributors, a new group which can obtain any commercially-published book.

Proceeds go to legal defense of anti-war resisters.

For a book price list, write:

Defense Committee
661 E. 219 street
Bronx, N.Y. 10467

THE White Castle CODE ..... In Practice

How many times have you heard the saying, "Money is the root of all evil"? Has the idea ever struck you that money is to be respected? At least by the honest person, because when you work for that money, you've earned it. Money in our age is the final product of our endeavors.

Not too many people are selff-sufficient. How does the idea of plowing fields, gathering eggs, milking cows, spinning yarn, and weaving appeal to you? If you were born and raised in a city, it probably sounds terrible. So the next time you make breakfast or shopp for clothes, be thankful for money and be glad you didn't have to "really y" work for it. — *Joanne Olund, No. 188.*

How to Sue a Cop

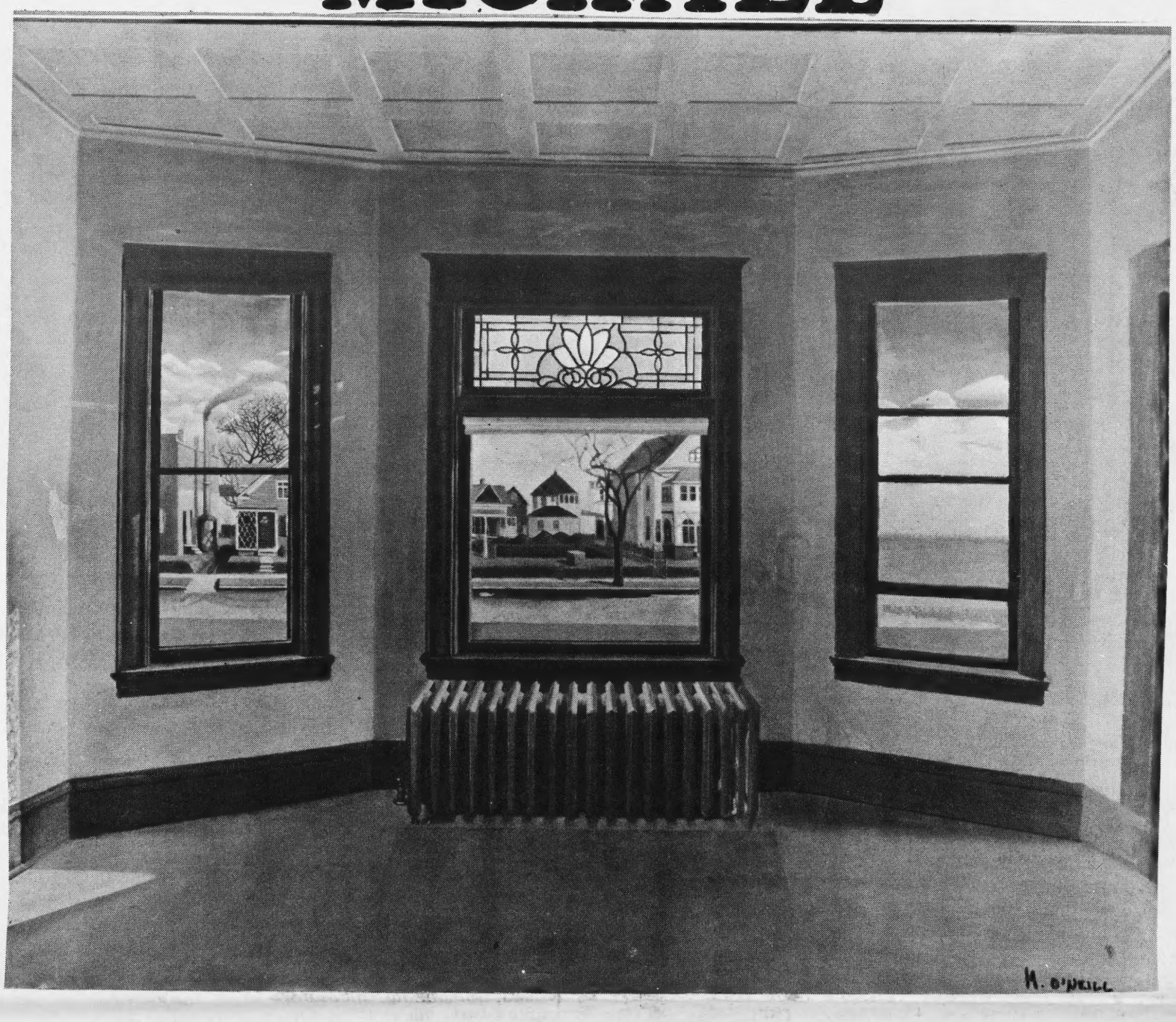
BERKELEY, CALIF.(LNS)---How to sue the police is the subject of an important article by two San Francisco Bay Area attorneys.

The article, 'Police Misconduct Litigation,' by Ann Fagan Ginger and Louis H. Bell, is now available in book form, $2 for a single copy plus 80 cents for air mail postage.

Send to: Publications
Box 673
Berkeley, California 94701

7/3/70
HUNDRED FLOWERS : 2

MICHAEL



Last Friday afternoon Mike O'Neill and a woman friend decided to shop at Super-Value. But Mike had no shoes. Walking free, smiling his complicated hesitation, always talking, about everything. Pisces with Mars against him. Super-Value turned him away.

So Mike went down the street to Hair's How, a hip boutique on Nicolet and 27th, run by Jerome Rogers (Jerry) and help. Five years it took Jerry to raise the money for the shop. A hard boss. Pays low wages to the girls who do his sewing piece work. Visually the shop makes you not want to go in. But things are happening inside Jerry. Deep down. A year in the workhouse. You can't dig it all from the street.

Mike is an artist. Maybe the best in town. Second prize at the Institute Biennial. But that's only a little part. Fired by the Art Institute for raising too many questions. Travelling wild coast to coast. Dreaming about Persia (not Iran Mike?), busted in New York on the thruway for dope, busted here, paranoid about cops. Cuts his hair and gets a straight job in a small school in Philadelphia. Goes hunting for Dylan. A useless chase. Mike wants to talk to him. Dreams of bringing the Beatles to Grand Canyon. Talks to everyone about it. Thinks it will happen if he spreads the word.

Mike is a perfectionist. In everything. Drives him wild. Mad some of his friends say. He confronts you with it directly. The way a proud man asks for food, Mike asks for YOU when he talks. He wants everything. And goes all the way. Dope, art, sketches, poetry, talk talk talk, writing a book in the attic of the brown house, a Mike book, explaining everything he does.

Into the store and a confrontation. Confronting Jerry with the outside, Jerry responds with his inside. Mike can't let up. The contradictions are just too real. Mike--the artist on the inside, outside having to live the show of Amerika, hating Amerika's show. Out to destroy it. Jerry--the artist on the outside, the Amerikan dream inside, conflicting with everything he is. Mike sees it and goes after it.

In Philadelphia, Mike is penned in. Penned in everywhere. He writes in broad childlike crayon. He has to come back to Minneapolis. In the first letter, he will visit for awhile. In the next, he must come back. Minneapolis is his destiny he thinks.

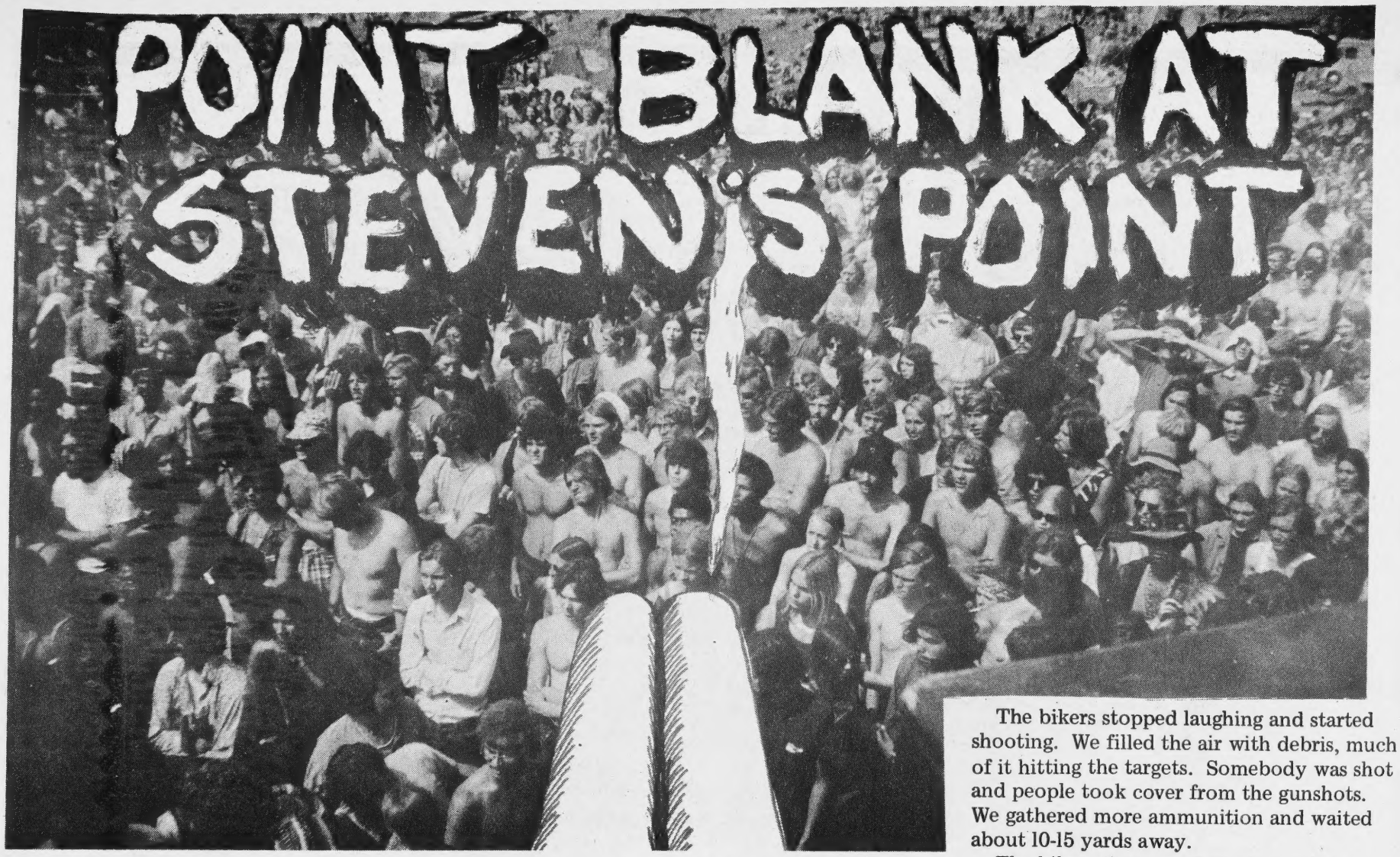
Some say a black came into the store. Mike and Jerry were already talking by each other. Mike, about the art inside challenging the phony art outside. Jerry, justifying, threatened, Macho. Mike going deeper. Anyway, someone wanted to put up a Black Panther poster. Too real for Jerry. He says no. Mike says Yes. Takes the side of the black dude. Or his own side. Witnesses aren't clear.

Then, Mike lets go, pushing things around, finally knocking over the cash register.

His woman friend hears two shots as she's coming out of the Super-Value and then sees Mike stumbling out of the store. She runs toward him. He gets forty feet. Jerry is behind him. L'etranger. Now, really into it. The first shots were experiment. Now, he has his life in his hands. And Mike's. He comes up behind Mike O'Neill and puts two shots right in the back of his neck. Mike's friend tells him he won't die. But he does. There on the sidewalk.

And the *Minneapolis Tribune* prints a small piece about Jerry getting charged with 2nd degree manslaughter. And Mike's wife Bonnie comes in from Philadelphia and takes back his notebooks. Picks up some of his paintings. They're all over. Every one in a house with a friend of Mike's. His offering to them. His apology for not being perfect.

We spend the morning trying to get a picture of Mike in time for the paper deadline. He moved too fast. No one has one.



At the Peoples' Fair last weekend, somewhere around 100,000 people were having a good time just digging the music and the other people.

But down by the barn where the water truck was parked, a bunch of bikers from Rockford, Ill. were harassing people.

They were tearing leather vests off people, forcing girls who were just passing by to drop their tops so their breasts could be played with and intimidating people they thought had stayed in 'their' area too long.

THIS WAS ENOUGH to make me mad and I tried to talk to some people about organizing a resistance . The general attitude was apathetic: 'Forget it, man, there ain't nothing we can do'.

Later I heard that the bikers had chased someone all over the area with a hatchet. Early the next morning (Sunday) when I went to get some water I saw them chase a guy up the hill firing a pistol over his head. I walked back up the hill trying to tell people we had to stop this or someone was gonna get killed.

Someone replied that they'd already killed someone during the night. Another person warned that if we did anything they'd walk all over us and more people would get hurt.

That really blew my mind, that someone was so brainwashed by all those drive-in Bad Dudes On Wheels flicks that he really believed 40-50 bikers could kick ass on thousands of people fighting back.

I tried to explain to him that fewer people would be hurt by kicking them out than by letting them remain and do whatever they wished.

He wouldn't listen and a number of people sided with him. I got disgusted and walked away again.

WHEN I LEFT the hill this time, there were a few people gathering at the top. I walked through the camping areas telling what was happening down by the barn.

About 45 minutes later a friend of mine ran up to me and said people were finally getting mad and wanted to do something. They had just found out three or four girls had been raped during the night and another guy had just been beaten badly.

My friend took off for the stage to tell the rest of the people what was happening when I heard a shotgun blast. That got a few moving. I took off for the hill to help organize the resistance.

On the way a couple of people I had talked to before stopped and asked me if I was going to do something about the Outlaws. I told them yes and to start telling other people to go up to the hill. They did.

ABOUT THIS TIME an announcement came from the stage that went something like 'There's a hassle going on with the bikers down by the barn, but there's nothing you can do so don't worry about it.'

That should show you where the people who ran the thing were at.

The band started playing again and someone walking by me yelled 'Man, don't you know you're playing the gunshot blues?'

Then some people over by the barn panicked and started running up through the crowd towards the stage yelling 'the bikers are coming, they've got guns, they're shootin' people.' We stopped some of them and told them to go back, we'd get more people.

FINALLY the word had been spread and half the people living on the hill started to move up to the road toward the barn. When there was a big crowd of us at the top of the road, ready to do something, we started running down the hill with bottles and rocks.

By this time there were about 100-150 people in a crowd at the top of the hill. Some were trying to set a roadblock up to stop them from riding up. Others were gathering bottles and rocks. This seemed to scare some of the bikers and over half of them split, the rest sat jeering at the crowd and firing random shots up the hill. The crowd started yelling 'go away, we DON'T want you.'

The bikers stopped laughing and started shooting. We filled the air with debris, much of it hitting the targets. Somebody was shot and people took cover from the gunshots. We gathered more ammunition and waited about 10-15 yards away.

The bikers that were left got on their bikes to leave. A few people wanted to get em but most of us were happy to see them go.

Then one of them turned around and pointed his gun at us. They were almost immediately knocked off their bikes by the the rocks and bottles that filled the air in response to the raised pistol. They ran and limped the rest of the way down the road like scared rabbits into the arms of the cops. I think they were almost happy to see the cops.

THE COPS HAD grabbed most of their friends earlier when they had started to leave. Their buddies had had a real party shooting and busting windows in cars parked along the road.

Three people were wounded while chasing the bikers away. They were taken to a medical tent and treated.

The people wheeled the deserted bikes, already trashed and bashed by the barrage of rocks, back to the barn. Some took parts of bikes as souvenirs, others wanted to burn them. They were finally allowed to remain in the hay, for the most part ignored.

The crowd just stood around for a long time. A good many, I think, were just beginning to realize the strength and power they had from uniting and working together to fight a common enemy.

This is the lesson that should be learned from the incident. If people unite, not just get together, and work together for the common good, they can defeat any oppressor.

Also I think it pointed out the futility of nonviolent resistance (whatever that is) to violent oppression, and oppression is violent whenever there is resistance.

All power to the people
Free all political prisoners
Advance the struggle

Mike Fischer
MDS/SDS

'WE ARE NOT ADVOCATES OF WAR, WE ARE ADVOCATES OF PEACE. BUT IN ORDER TO GET RID OF THE GUN YOU MUST PICK UP THE GUN.'

Mao Tse Tung

7/3/70
H.F. 14

Bad vibes were noticable immediately after entering the first gate. Bikers and other security people were collecting $2. a car for parking. No one was told there would be a charge for parking, and if people parked on the access roads their cars were towed away. To get them back cost fifty bucks. Instant bummer.

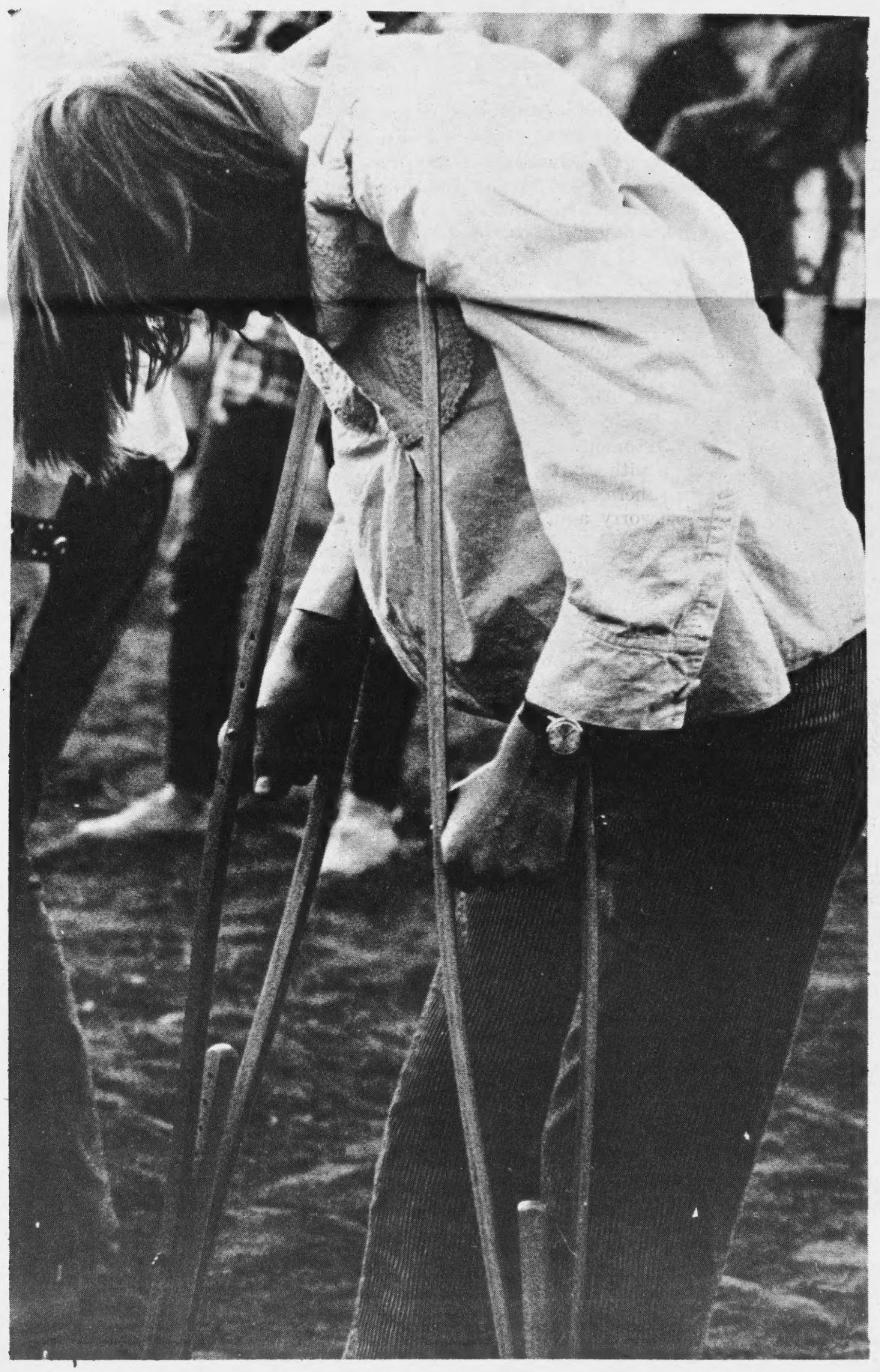
As people walked down the road to the festival site they were checked and double checked for their white wrist bands. If they had one it meant they paid, if they didn't they were subject to being thrown out.

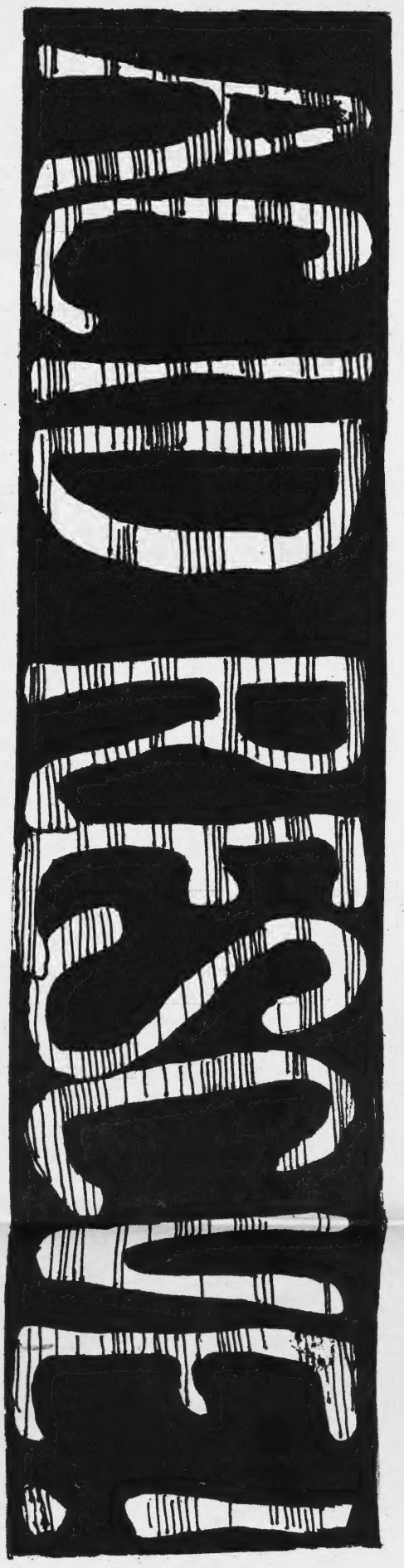
Fair security, with all their uptight hasseling about 'What are you doing here?(in restricted areas)' and 'Who are you with?' made one flash all weekend--'What are we doing here?' Everytime you walked through a gate you had to flash your white arm band. 'Freedom'.

As people entered the festival they met barages of dealers in parked buses, in tents, and on foot. Everykind of dope imaginable.

Dealers not only had home made signs but bumper stickers reading 'LIDS $8', etc. At first it was a high seeing all the up-front dealing going on, but it was inescapable. The first few times it was fun. Maybe the first few hundred even. But after that it got to be a drag quick. All you heard everywhere were the shouts of names and prices of dope. It was a dealers market. Tripping through the grounds and getting dope hypes right and left got to be a bummer. The dealers were there to make money (MONEY!), and they ended up the bankers of 'DEALERS FAIR'.

The ground at the fair were rolling hills, and trees. Goovey, but as soon as people got past the first little hill away from the stage they couldn't see it, and because the sound system blew and only portable amps were used you couldn't hear from back their either. So anyone sitting beyond the small stage arena neither saw or heard what was happening on stage.





Saturday night at 10:30 everyone lit a match and stood up. The whole place lit up and glowed by thousands of tiny firelights. Durring the day the hills blocked viewing the whole of all who came, but with the help of the matches everyone had a good idea of how many we were. That moment pulled us together. As soon as the matches went out Buffy St. Marie sang 'Universal Soldier'. For those that could hear hear it brought tears. For those that couldn't ... who knows?

In between most sets calls for acid rescue from the stage continued to spook other trippers for the whole of the festival. Both acid rescue

→ turn the page

teams and medic units were grossly understaffed and completely dependant on the stage for information on where to go. For some unknown reason acid and medic units didn't have walkie-talkies, so each time someone flipped out it was announced on stage with the hope someone responsible would show up.

Saturday, Portage County authoroties towed cars off access roads (fifty bucks, remember?) Along with that bikers were stripping cars of radios, tape players, and anything else they could find. Saturday night and Sunday morn the big bummer happened. Bikers ended up shooting four people as they fled from angry freaks pissed at their pigishness. Thousands of people left bummed out. Sunday there were very discriptive rumors around that a biker had been axed and his body left by one of the ponds near the festival. At the festival this was reported at one point by a cop to a biker from Minneapolis who had not been in any of the action. The Sherriff denied this report, but also denied any knowledge of those that were hospitalized for bad dope.

By noon Sunday the free food everyonehad planned on and paid for was gone, and the Mifflin ST. Co-op people had left. The water trucks stood emty in the hot sun till late Sunday eve, with the only place to get drinks at the concessions.

The sound system was shot again on Sunday, This time for six hours. All that was heard for those six hours were personal announcements, while the electricians and carpenters got stoned and worked on the stage.

Greycat, a biker who rides in Minneapolis under his own F.T.W. colors went to PEOPLE'S FAIR with his friend Frito . Frito had this to say about the festival: A total burnout man, too much dope. Greycat left on Sunday afternoon after getting tired of nothing happening. He said that the group of Wisconson and Illinois bikers who ripped off the people at the FAIR did it because '...they were outlaws. That's what outlaws do.'

The same promoters that put onPEOPLE'S FAIR put on KICKAPOO CREEK, and POYNETTE. They've said they'll put on two more.

THE PEOPLES DREADNAUGHT (Wisconson) has this to say about them:'The community should check out these Rock festival promoters for rip off fly by night set ups like this ripp off 'sound-music-fences,' before we all come stoned.'

WOODTICK NATION

Steven's Point

The weekend People's Fair in Steven's Point, Wisconsin dispelled a lot of old ideas about rock festivals. People had begun to believe that the whole festival idea was a cultural bomb. Bill Graham had suggested it was "idiotic for thousands to congregate for music that only hundreds are close enough to see and hear." Yet, despite plenty to be bummed out about, Steven's Point was probably the first to try to find Woodstock Nation.

Saturday morning arrivals found a congregation of thirty thousand wandering around the 600 acres: indifferent, hot and a little contemptuous of the promoters who kept them waiting in a ten-mile-seven-hour-bumper-to-bumper line all night. The music was mediocre and sometimes ugly; the six thousand dollar *sound* system had blown the night before and never got any better.

But the evolution of the atmosphere began about noon Saturday, after the most anxious had bummed out and gone home. People began to realize and accept the insignificance of the music. A city was discovered, and it began to be seeded and cultivated.

Ice Cream trucks began rolling in whith their trumped up prices--they were charged $5,000 to get in. Bus loads of dope began rolling in along side of them. They formed a midway of money-changers on that particular hill, and the circus-like atmosphere grew as the money began to redistribute itself. The rolling hills and varied geographies were the greatest asset to the formation of the city. Neighborhoods and ghettoes began to materialize. Even a suburb established itself in a fenced off area behind the stage (reserved for crew, musicians and press) and it was quickly regarded as unliberated territory.

Both water trucks, the city's only source of water were empty in the peak of the heat. Thousands wandered aimlessly, some hungry and most thirsty. Others were constructively destructive as they searched through the woods for kindling for the evening fires. Out of this dustbowl----migrant camp----grapes-of-wrath----atmosphere and the common purposes of the campers emerged the unity of a Woodstock Nation. And music had yet to contribute to it. The revolutionary consciousness of the crowd *had been* aroused.

Abbie Hoffman, kicked off the stage at Woodstock by the Who would have been hailed here. Plastic, materialistic Amerika couldn't have been further away, nor solidarity closer.

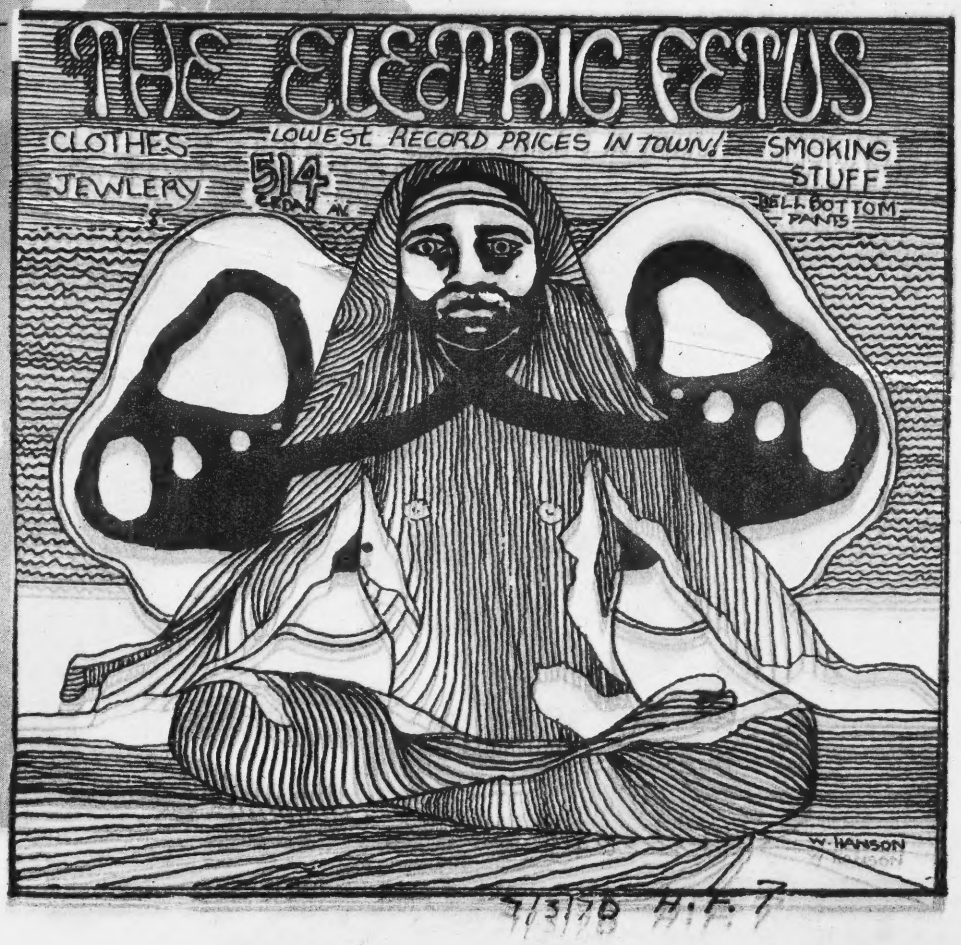
By the end of the afternoon the city was formed and at last the crowd got together with the music. Minneapolis' Crow offered the first unifying music in the early evening hours. Crow is commercial but at least they added the day's first air of professionalism to the stage.

As dusk approached, the Amboy Dukes let loose their trippy wonder-boy guitarist Ted Nugent. The Amboy Dukes are plenty commercial too. They confine themselves to psychedlic cliches, but they do it well. Their act is mostly confined to letting Nugent trip-out but it is still exciting and captivating.

Buffy St. Marie was next and this time the crowd was too big for the limits of the new amps. People couldn't hear and the crowd was noisy and Buffy didn't like it. It served to intensify her performance though, and she sang right at us.

Buffy was through, and while there was still a 10-mile waiting line the exodus began. She remained the highlight of the fest as Sunday was too bloody hot and dry for anyone to be aroused for Chuck Berry and his awful back-up band or for Ravi Shankar.

After Buffy, the mediocre bands returned as most of the crowd retreated. The scene became set for the morning tragedy. From midnight until 7:00 a.m. the word was passed to beware of an outlaw group of bikers who had declared a neighborhood along one of the main paths their property and were chaining, stomping, raping, and looting anyone in their way. They ripped off a truckload of dope about 7 a.m. which precipitated the fateful chase that caused the bikers to abandon the truck and fire on the approaching crowd. The bikers were tackled and their bikes thrashed but only after they shot six, one in the groin. Pelted and chased out of the festival, the limp bikers were caught on the highway and all 23 were arrested.



COME TO THE NORTH WOODS FREEDOM CAMP

1970 NORTH COUNTRY FREEDOM CAMP

North Country Freedom Camp is a summer experience in work, education, and recreation related to the growing liberation struggle in this country. It is an opportunity for about fifty Minneapolis teen-agers to live for four weeks at the Hans E. Miller Peace Memorial Camp (near Emily, Minn.), once used as a saw mill and logging camp during the depression years. The Camp is being organized by a group of independent people who have participated in other various radical liberation projects, and will be made available to selected campers (ages 12 to 18) without charge or financial liability. The campers will have full use of all the camp facilities, but will have to work for their room and board by helping to build more facilities for further and future use. The North Country Freedom Camp group hopes to have use of this camp every summer by investing their time and labor in its development and to run the camp all summer long in two and four week periods for increasingly sizable groups of Minneapolis teenagers.

NCFC's program is a combination of work, learning graphic and media skills, political education groups, and survival and physical fitness training for teenagers who have demonstrated leadership potential in our struggles for liberation. The campers will receive training in high school organizing, power structures of the community, and youth and draft counseling. They will publish one or more issues of the newspaper HUNDRED FLOWERS, and will work hard on renovation and expansion of the camp facilities. And a rigorous program of physical excercise and survival arts will be incorporated into their daily schedule.

But it is not all work and study; there are team sports, fishing, swimming, campfires and loads of other free group activities

The NCFC program is organized with the intention of providing a base for a long term organizational work force of campers in the city. The major objective of the camp organizers and of the camp program is to equip the campers with both the practical skills and the theory needed to provide leadership and organizational knowledge to groups struggling for peace and freedom in Minneapolis.

For further information on the North Country Freedom Camp, contact:

North Country Freedom Camp
c/o People's Press, Inc.
100 University Ave. S.E.
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55414
Phone: 332-1812

Minnesota T Party

(Taxpayers)

We are free Americans, under God, who aim to stay that way. We support the principles of self government, property rights and private initiative as originally established by the founders of this nation. Believing that government exists for the people, not the people for the government and devoted to restoring our individual freedoms, we hereby establish the Minnesota Taxpayers Party.

Last Sunday a few of us went down town to the Curtiss Hotel for the Minnesota "T" Party Covention. In a lot of ways they conformed beautifully to type: little old ladies in tennie shoes looking for Commies under every bed. In a lot of ways we were genuinely amazed at the common problems we shared.

The "T" Party is not something to be lightly dismissed. They have proven their people can be elected. They are partially responsible for the election of Stenvig in Minneapolis and McCarty in St. Paul. Their constituency is older, mostly retired homeowners. These are forgotten people; these hardest hit by inflation, urban renewal, living on fixed incomes, pensions and social security. They are afraid of big Government and we share their apprehens-

They want decentralization of facilities, so do we. They question the value of welfare, so do we; they support neighborhood schools, initia tive and referendum and so do we. We have to get it together with these people.

These are the people who built our cities, parks and highways and who now, even though they rarely can use the things they've built, are taxed heavily to pay for them. We owe our older people a great deal -- the least we can do is relate to them. Why does Christianson continually get elected in the 6th Ward? Because his uncle, the late Red Christianson, got credit for building the elderly high-rise apartments off Cedar Avenue. Actually, Red opposed their construction until he could fight it no longer and then grabbed credit for it. Now his nephew is riding these dubious coattails--making deals with Heller-Segal for the complete cultural genocide of the entire area. Why haven't the hippies in the area been able to stop Christianson? Because they have not been relating to their neighbors. The older people who live in Cedar-Riverside are the key to political power there, but nobody takes the time to talk to them. It's time now for the young to begin teaching the old. Tne old are eager to learn what's happening. They've been lied to and misused for so long that they are willing to turn anywhere for help and understanding. Now they are turning to the "T" Party. This party could easily develop into a Fascist front for heavy repression: there are plenty of Kill-a-Commie-for-Christ-types active in the party.

These people are just beginning to get politically active, which means that they're just beginning to get politically conscious, which means they're striking out at the symptoms of decadent America without fully understanding the causes of the decadence. Beginning relations with this group have been made by Jack Cann's Tenants Union and the Dinkytown Occupation. But in addition to relating to this group around its immediate problems, young people have to talk to these people about the nature of Capitalism. An alliance must be formed between them, the hippies and the Blacks, Browns and Indians. Without them there can be no revolution. They are the backbone of the city being crushed by the dead weight of its leaders, businesses and life style.

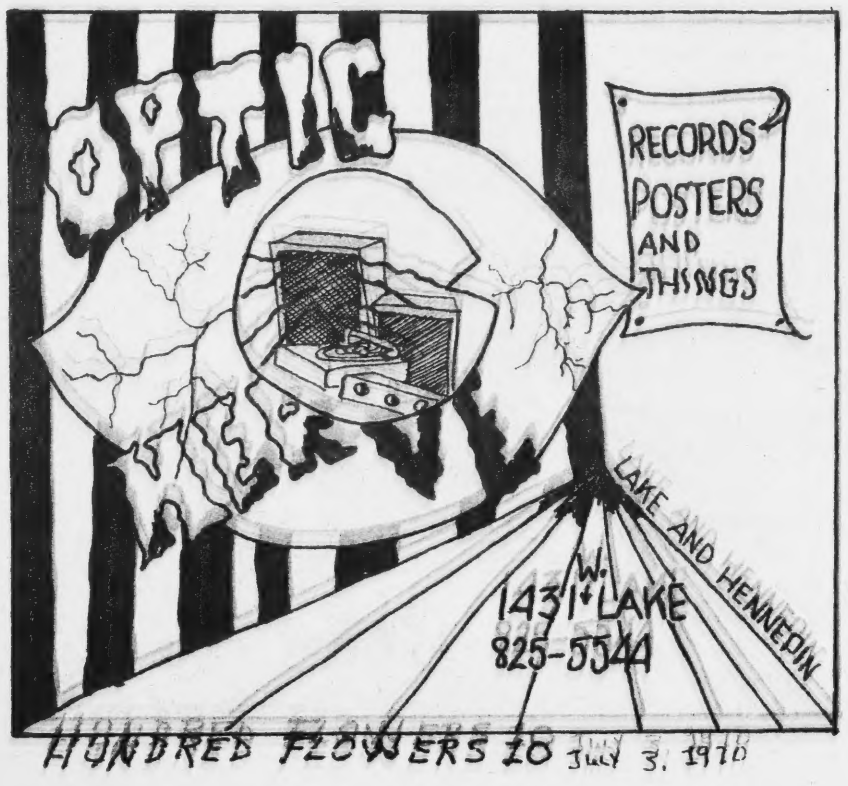
BULLETIN BOARD

Darlene Sanford wants to start a day care center. Anyone interested in doing same, or anyone with information about it should get in touch with her at 3337 Second Avenue South.

Hatha-Yoga class of the Free U needs a place to happen. If you have a really large storefront apartment or a loft--big enough to let 10 to 15 people stretch out on the floor without overlap--and would be willing to let us meet there once a week, please contact Gail Deeb, c/o HUNDRED FLOWERS, P.O. Box 9524, Mpls., 55440/

Fourth of July Smoke-In, Washington, D.C. Appearing Abbie Hoffman, Allen Ginsberg, Art Linkletter and, Dick Nixon, of "Bring us together" fame.

We need bicycles to paint white and give away. Call 824-4760 anytime. Thanks.



The Death of New Mobe

Things Change

NEWS:

An era in the peace movement is over. For 3 years, the peace movement has been directed by the New Mobilization Committee ("the mobe") a broad coalition run by Trotskyists, Communists, Pacifists and independent radicals and liberals. Similar coalitions on local levels provided the organizing impetus for the Mobe's mass marches, local and national.

The Mobe has divided since its inception between those who view the mass march around the demand for immediate withdrawal ("Bring the Troops Home Now") as the only way to unite desperate tendencies in the movement and those who, while suporting mass action, hold that we must now deepen our analysis and raise the level of struggle against racism, repression and imperialism.

Outside the Mobe, though strongly influencing it, are local organizers, minority militants and labor activists who feel the mass marches either irrelevant or inadequate to meet Amerika's horror machine.

It was the mass march advocates, dominated by the Trotskyist Socialist Workers Party and Student Mobilization Committee (SMC) that met in Cleveland on June 19th to form the "Peace Action Council" (PAC). The meeting, boycotted by other factions in the Mobe but attended by over 1000 persons, mainly students, called for local marches (August 6-9) and a mass regional march on October 31st. Like the old New Mobe, the new PAC is designed for "all who oppose the war ... regardless of their views on other questions."

On June 26, 27 and 28th, in response to an emergency call from New Mobe leaders Dave Dellinger, Rennie Davis and others, including the Panthers, about 400 activists met in Milwaukee. An earlier attempt to leave the Mobe and develop an autonomous local organizing base had failed in April of 1968 when, meeting outside Chicago, Dellinger and other Mobe leaders had agreed to abandon the Trotskyists if SDS would pick up the local work.

Now, what was left of SDS, ex-weathermen, student leaders, RYM, community organizers as well as independent groups like the National Welfare Rights Organization, came to Milwaukee to hear the new offer.

The group passed a number of resolutions supporting the Panthers, the NWRO, economic boycotts against war corporations (including Honeywell) and called for regional conferences to plan a 'long march' to culminate in the disruption of Washington D.C.

Things Remain The Same

ANALYSIS

The action taken in Cleveland typifies the Mobe's direction--backwards.

Gone from the name is even the sense of urgency 'mobilization' implies. Peace Action Council not only sounds like a suburban businessman's group but is specifically designed for middle-class 'doves' and labor leaders who seek to keep Amerika as is while escaping from Vietnam.

The demand for 'immediate withdrawal', once a principled point against advocates of 'negotiated settlement', now represents support for the Democratic Party Platform--including Professor war criminal's in Minnesota.

Where 'non-exclusion' was once a principled argument against red-baiters, now it is a way of rationalizing unprincipled coalitions with anyone, big business and labor bureaucracy included, who say they want to end the war.

Ironically, as the Mobe's demonstrations grow, they become less politically important, less militant and the least common denominator sinks lower and lower.

By refusing to connect 'peace' sentiment to the war at home against blacks, workers and students, the group lends support by ommission to the repression of Panthers and other groups.

Increasingly the movement views the slogan 'Bring Our Boys Home Now' as racist (it excludes the Vietnamese) and chauvinist (our boys).

By failing to raise the reality of racism, imperialism and capitalism to the consciousness of Amerikan anti-war advocates, the Socialist Workers Party and the SMC have lost whatever credibility they once had in radical circles.

But the Milwaukee Conference offers little more hope. The old New Mobe leadership remains chauvinist and elitist. While openly sympathetic to the new militancy of students workers and minorities, it provided no form whereby resistance may generate protracted struggle. Even the regional conferences proposed were merely offered as a sop to local organizers. The real attitude of Mobe leadership was expressed in a regional mid-west meeting by Syd Lens, Mobe leader: "We will send organizers to your cities as we've done in the past, evaluate your resources and decide whether a regional organization for your area is feasible."

The list of demands from Milwaukee is longer and more relevant than Cleveland's. But it is so abstracted from a strategy or program for struggle that it remains a mere list and little more. Those who came to Milwaukee were herded into anonymous workshops to pass resolutions attached to Rennie Davis' long march proposal. The Panthers never showed.

Everything Changes

CONCLUSION

The sentiment in Milwaukee was one of detached and occasionally frustrated amusement with leadership.

Everywhere small groups met to plan local collectives, city-wide coalitions based on revolutionary programs (a la Seattle Liberation Front) and regional Liberation Fronts.

Everywhere the group was the liberation fight of the future while the leadership was the anti-war struggle of the past.

The anti-war movement will stand as an important chapter in revolutionary history, a spark that moved thousands first to protest oppression. But the movement from protest to resistance occurred outside the anti-war movement, and now the move from resistance to revolution is transforming local resistance and national protest into a unified fight for liberation.

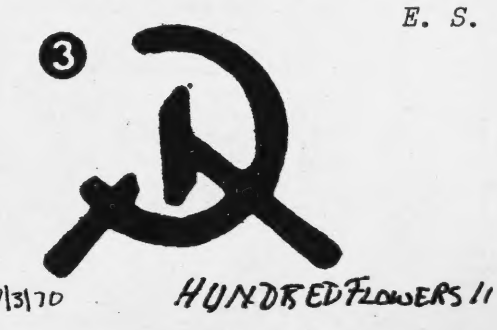
This was the undercurrent in Milwaukee. The new leadership is self-generating, based in the workaday struggles for a new society and not on the recognition of the old. When the war in Vietnam ends, the fighting will have just begun.

The National Strike Summer Conference was also held in Milwaukee. Fewer than 100 attended and quickly joined the Mobe crowd. The consensus was, however, that the time had come for radicals to stop recruiting students to fight only other peoples' battles on other peoples' turf. The mass move by students in the strike showed that the major function of liberal institutions in the 70's is to radicalize--our task is to revolutionize.

Simultaneously, the Communist Party magazine LABOR TODAY called for a rank-and-file labor conference in Chicago, and 1000 militant unionists attended, many from steel. In the words of one old-time Communist who came, "It was too tightly controlled even for me." And he should know.

All Power to the People.

E. S.



SHAKESPEARE in the DRAMA STREETS

The Country Wife

The best things in life may be free, but in Minnesota the theater ain't one of them. I feel like a rat for saying this, but Shakespeare in the Streets is no good. It ought to be good; it's made up of young folks, some with talent, others with imagination, a few with both. It's outdoors, where sky and birds and good smells and little kids and other people reclining beside you make a happy setting.

And (best of all, of course) it's free. Oh, they pass the hat, to make you feel generous, but the actual financing comes from the government and from local rich people.

Whatever they get out of it, the rest of us get exactly what we put in--nothing.

Let's be fair.' I only saw The Country Wife, by William Wycherley, maybe the cruelest and most perverse sexual comedy in English-- also the most sophisticated, in the good old Food-and-Drug-Law sense of substituting artificial for natural ingredients. It's a brilliantly ugly, tightly patterned celebration og rich, wild, ruinous forces. SISs gives it a sort of dramatics-club treatmnet, bowing, flourishing, gri-macing, dynamics, Do they think we-'re not up to it? Or are they not up to it?

Director Richard Harrison has performed a sex-change operation on the Country Wife. All the female parts are filled by hulking, rawboned youths with painted cleavages (did) they have to shave thier chests?) and most of the male roles by buxom girls, whose tight satin breeches are empty of what has entranced female audiences for 400 years. This has had two effects: first, it has rendered the text absurd, so that we may laugh at it comfortably, and second, it has detoxified much of the play's cruelty, especially to wcomen (nobody gets upset over crueltyy yo men), by substituting transsexual grotesques for men and women-- although Wycherley's characters are mighty androgonous. A note in passing; men have an easy convention for appearing in drag; women have to hack it out.

From this one example, I'm forced to see that SITS is just brought up all wrong. They're not discovering the shape of a play and then clothing it intellegently; they're presenting a mickymouse reading of the senting a mickymouse reading of the text, tarted up with sensational novelties. Ever-one tells me their Hamlet is diferentt. Maybe so Anyway, here's their performance chesdule.

Schedule

Two Shows		7/3	Friday	Suburban Recreation Tour, Robbinsdale
Two Shows		7/4	Saturday	Suburban Recreation Tour, Bloomington
Three Shows		7/5	Sunday	Suburban Recreation Tour, Blaine & Bloomington
Hamlet		7/8	8:00 Wednesday	University of Minnesota, St. Paul
Comedy of Errors		7/9	8:00 Thursday	Powderhorn Park, Minneapolis
Five Shows	7/10 7/11	7/12	Fri.through Sun.	Outstate Tour
Country Wife		7/15	8:00 Wednesday	Murphy Square, Minneapolis
Hamlet		7/16	8:00 Thursday	Riverside Park, Minneapolis
Five Shows	7/17 7/18	7/19	Fri. through Sun.	Outstate Tour
Comedy of Errors		7/22	8:00 Wednesday	Correctional Institution, Lino Lakes
Country Wife		7/23	8:00 Thursday	North Commons, Minneapolis
Country Wife		7/24	8:00 Friday	Lake Hiawatha, Minneapolis
Comedy of Errors		7/25	2:30 Saturday	Minnehaha, Minneapolis
Hamlet		7/25	8:00 Saturday	Minnehaha, Minneapolis
Country Wife		7/26	2:30 Sunday	Highland Park, St. Paul
Hamlet		7/26	8:00 Sunday	Highland Park, St. Paul
Country Wife		7/29	8:00 Wednesday	Logan Park, Minneapolis
Comedy of Errors		7/30	8:00 Thursday	Windom Park, Minneapolis
Hamlet		7/31	8:00 Friday	Van Cleve, Minneapolis
Two Shows		8/1	Saturday	Suburban Recreation Tour, Richfield
Two Shows		8/2	Sunday	Suburban Recreation Tour, Hopkins
Country Wife		8/5	8:00 Wednesday	Elliot Park, Minneapolis
Comedy of Errors		8/6	8:00 Thursday	M.L. King, Minneapolis
Comedy of Errors		8/7	8:00 Friday	Western Park, St. Paul
Country Wife		8/8	2:30 Saturday	Harriet Island, St. Paul
Hamlet		8/8	8:00 Saturday	Harriet Island, St. Paul
Two Shows		8/9	Sunday	Suburban Recreation Tour, Anoka
Country Wife		8/12	8:00 Wednesday	Shingle Creek Park, Minneapolis
One Show		8/13	8:00 Thursday	Suburban Recreation Tour. Bloomington
Five Shows	8/14 8/15	8/16	8 Fri. through Sun.	Outstate Tour
Two Shows		8/18	Tuesday	Suburban Recreation Tour, Brooklyn Center
Comedy of Errors		8/19	8:00 Wednesday	Linden Hills, Minneapolis
Hamlet		8/20	8:00 Thursday	Langford Park, St. Paul
Country Wife		8/21	8:00 Friday	Linwood Park, St. Paul
Comedy of Errors		8/22	2:30 Saturday	Phelps Field, Minneapolis
Country Wife		8/22	8:00 Saturday	Pearl Park, Minneapolis
Comedy of Errors		8/23	2:30 Sunday	Rose Gardens, Minneapolis
Hamlet		8/23	8:00 Sunday	Rose Gardens, Minneapolis
Comedy of Errors		8/26	8:00 Wednesday	McDonough Center, St. Paul
Hamlet		8/27	8:00 Thursday	Newell Park, St. Paul
Five Shows	8/28 to	8/30		Outstate Tour
Comedy of Errors		9/2	8:00 Wednesday	Harrison Park, Minneapolis
Country Wife		9/3	8:00 Thursday	Selby Dale Area, St. Paul
Country Wife		9/4	8:00 Friday	Loring Park, Minneapolis
Comedy of Errors		9/5	2:30 Saturday	Fairview Park, Minneapolis
Hamlet		9/5	8:00 Saturday	Fairview Park, Minneapolis
Comedy of Errors		9/6	2:00 Sunday	Correctional Institution, Stillwater
Hamlet		9/6	8:00 Sunday	Pioneer Park, Stillwater
Country Wife		9/7	2:30 Monday	Gateway Park, Minneapolis
Comedy of Errors		9/7	8:00 Monday	Capitol Approach, St. Paul

GOING UPCOUNTRY

I think I could turn, and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

—Walt Whitman—

We must dismantle and dissolve, by any means necessary, the whole of centralized government and corporate industry. What we finally seek to do is to create an environment which works so well we can run wild in it.

-- The Wildness Project, Earth Free Territory, re-written from Gary Snyder's *Four Changes* by the *Holocene Gazette and Country Traveller*. It's the most substantial document on revolutionary ecology available. You can get the paper for a donation (any amount you can afford) from P.O. Box 294, Hanover N.H. 03755.

--*Ralph*

DEALS

KEEP A DIME ON EACH COPY AND RETURN THE REST (DAMMIT) TO US. WE'RE GETTING RIPPED OFF. PICK 'EM UP AT:

- WEST BANK TRADING POST (ON THE BANK)
- WILD HARE BARBER SHOP (23RD & FRANKLIN)
- GRAMMA'S BOUTIQUE (ON WEST LAKE NEAR CALHOUN)
- THE KYLE'S, ST PAUL (576 SO. SNELLING CALL FIRST)

HUNDRED FLOWERS AVAILABLE AT:

WEST BANK
WAX MUSEUM
OBLIVION RECORDS
SAVRAN'S BOOKS
WEST BANK TRADING POST
DOWN HOME
ELECTRIC FETUS
THE WHALE
LIBERTY HOUSE
(WILD) HARE
DEATH OF FIELD

SOUTH SIDE
HURSTHON OPTIC NERVE
EARTH GRAMMA'S
CHICAGO-LAKE RECORDS
WAX MUSEUM
ADAM'S IMPORTS
EAST-WEST LOT. GRASSHACKE
JET RECORDS MAIN RECORDS
BRAVE NEW WORKSHOP
PURPLE ELAND

DINKYTOWN U.S.A.
PODIUM CENTURY CAMERA
DISCOUNT RECORDS
PERINE'S MANDYCRAFT
MINN. CO-OP BOOKS
POSITIVELY 4TH STREET (BY RALF & JERRYS)

DOWNTOWN
RISING SUN
SHINDERS
GNOSTICA

ST PAUL
SENSATIONAL RECORDS
NOMAD IMPORTS
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•1419 WASHINGTON AV. (off SEVEN CORNERS)

July 3, 1970
H.F. 13

CHEMICAL WARFARE

At the recent Honeywell demonstration and Dinkytown busts one might have noticed a small group of brothers and sisters with redcross armbands. Well they are the new Medical Cadre, organized for the purpose of providing "medical presence" at all possible sites of confrontation between the "people" and the occupation armies of the U. S.

This community of people is composed of a few M. D.'s and nurses, but primarily of interested noncombatant buy sympathetic people.

The following is a short run down on protecting yourself against chemical riot control agents used by the police:

1. Mace is a chemical which comes in spray cans and is used by cops in close situations. It has a local effect most injurious to the eyes and to the skin. It contains among other things, Kerosene, (4%) which prolongs the localized effect.

2. Tear Gas comes in two forms: CN (weak) and CS (strong). The differences would show up in the severity of injuries after exposure. They come in various cannisters, in plastic grenades, in pepper fog machines and can be sprayed from helicopters and cars. They cause nausea and burning as well as excessive tearing of the eyes. Treatment: We advocate water for all gas and mace treatments. Eyes should be well irrigated. Clothes which have been sprayed with mace or exposed to tear gas should be taken off immediately or as soon as other clothes are available. Eyes which have been maced should be checked with a fluorescein test within 24 hours. People should be encouraged to rest for several days after direct exposure to these chemicals to decrease the possibility of more severe side effects (like pulmonary edema from tear gas). If they feel their lungs filling up with water, they should see a physician. When tear gas is thrown into a crowd people should be encouraged to move away from it quickly but not to run; fast breathing will cause you to breathe in more of the gas. Also, rubbing ones eyes will cause more irritation.

People should be warned to take out contact lenses as they will increase eye irritation. If unable to do so, eyes should be protected with goggles or sun glasses.

We are not encouraging people to use mineral oil or vaseline (both of which dissolve the chemicals) because if they are not wiped off immediately, the injuries will be more severe.

3. Nausea Gas has not been used in Mpls. to our knowledge, but one never knows. It is a colorless, odorless gas which comes in canisters. When thrown into a crowd, the canister lets off a small puff of smoke and then nothing. Don't be deceived. It causes intense vomiting and instant diarrhea. It upsets judgement and can cause asthma to become worse. It permeates the skin, so masks won't help. People should run like hell in the other direction.

4. Blister Gas is supposed to be outlawed, as it causes second degree burns. This gas comes in the form of a powder which is activated on contact with water. It can be used only if the crowd has been sprayed with hoses or if it's raining.

LIGHT PRACTICES

1. Close your eyes and look into a great searchlight, let the great grids pattern your relaxed eyes through the fluttering lids. Bring it closer and bring it even closer till there is no color or line beyond but light. Let it enter,, let it filter beneath your lids and fil your eyesockets.

2. With closed eyes, letting memory of light subside, draww the knowledge of light into the lotus of the heart. See your heart being the sun. Feel the pulse of light in the heart cakra. This light is blue.

3. Wings made of light sprout at the points of your shoulder blades; feel them shimmer behind you, the heaviness of their radiance. Toge ther they form the Mantle of light.

4. Draw the edges of the Mantle down and forward around your body; keeping the eyes closed, watch the instantaneous pouring-forth of light from every pore of your body. Close the aura beneath your feet; let it be open above your head to the rays of heaven.

5. My teacher said: Behind and above your head, watch the rainbow of lights spring forth from the ray that descends. Create color after color, bathe in the radiance. This meditation formulates the Rainbow of the Shroud of Light.

6. My teacher said: This is a Tibetan practice. Open your eyes. With the eyes open but relaxed, look forward, look into infinity. Let your gaze be a ray of light. The shaft of light from above enters at the crown cakra, descends, is bent at the cakra of the third eye, and passes out through the visible eyes. Do not let any obstruction cause the gaze to focus. Be very careful not to formulate the light and let it generate by your will; in this practice, you are the instrument for the Light from above. Look into infinity, flow toward infinity along this shaft of light.

Gail Deeb

PEOPLE'S GARDEN

To be sung to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner;"

O say can you see
Mother Earth's calling thee
To come to her aid

In her time of misery

Her skies they are grey
And her lands they are marred
With the products of men
Who want to change our fair land
And through the rockets red glare
The bombs bursting in air
Our lands are destroyed
But our flag is still there.
O say can that star spangled banner

be so groovey
If it covers our souls.

And poisons our seeds.

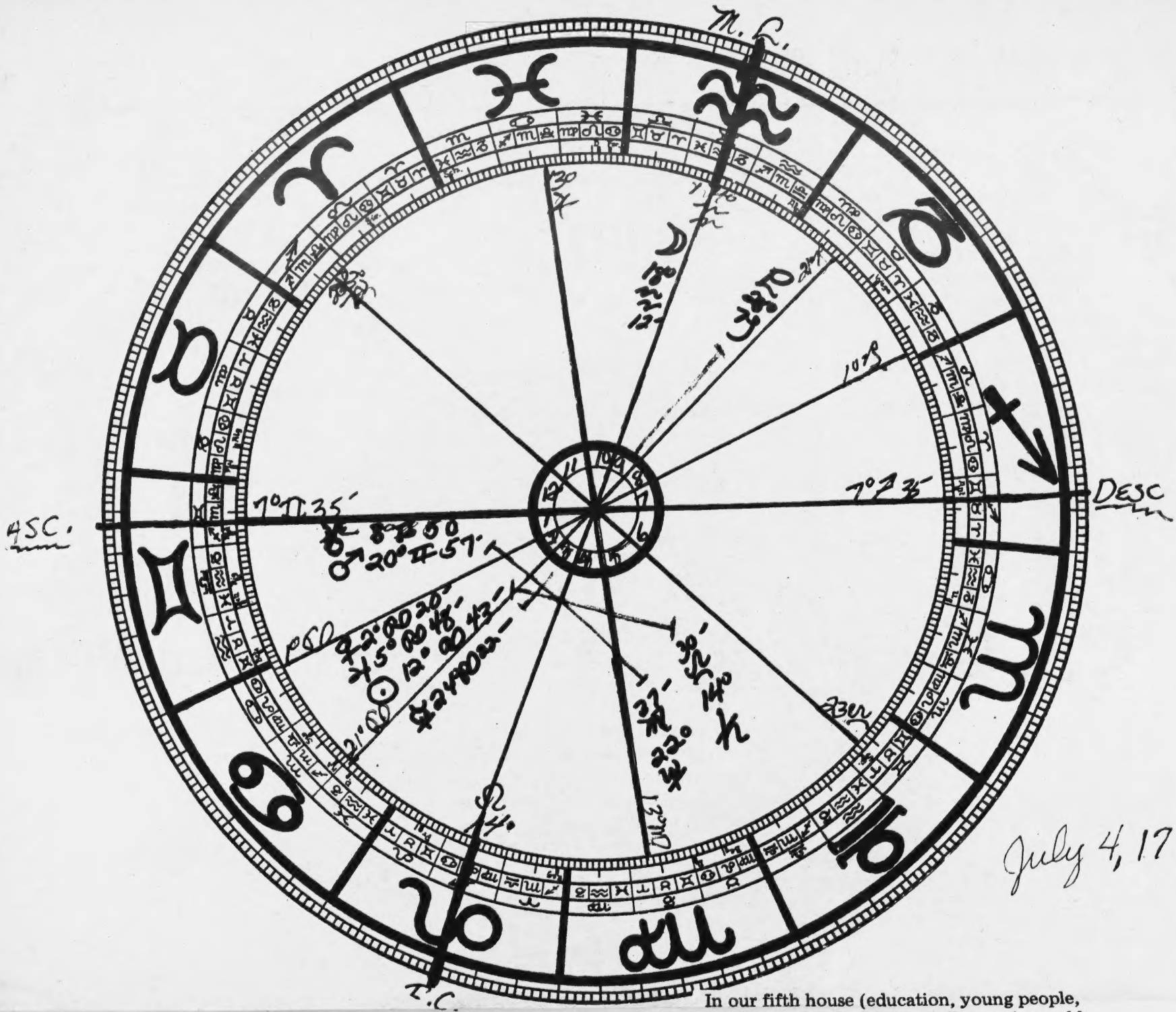
This is a time now when all you can do for your garden is to water it, weed it, and keep it bug free. Also, of course, to enjoy it and realize its value. The contemplation of your garden should help you to understand more what really are the needs of life, rather than what man desires of life. Remember, vegetarians, plants are alive and feel just as animals do, only a bit slower. All living organisms feed off each other. It is the natural process of exchange and change in life, so treat your vegies with respects, and consider the harvesting and eating of them as an offering and a prayer of thanks for their being here for you to use.

For we are the stronger element in relationship to this part of life--but we are not the All-Mighty. If we get out of hand those elemtnts stronger than us will take their stand.

All we men band together and appease the gods from anger so that they will bless us and not curse us.

Right.
Do your thing.
The right thing.
Do your job.

Betty Boop



America cont.

Planets

☉ sun
☽ moon
☿ mercury
♀ venus
♂ mars
♃ jupiter
♄ saturn
♅ uranus
♆ neptune
♇ pluto

Signs

♈ aries
♉ taurus
♊ gemini
♋ cancer
♌ leo
♍ virgo
♎ libra
♏ scorpio
♐ sagitarius
♑ capricorn
♒ aquarius
♓ pisces

The square of Mars to Neptune (the natural ruling planet of the 11th house, the house of congress) gives us an unrealistic attitude toward our leaders.

Because of this aspect we also find that there is not much difference between politics and show business---i.e., the best showman becomes the best politician.

Our second house, traditionally the house of finances, marks us distinctly as millionaires. Jupiter is exalted in Cancer, denoting not only wealth but generosity. The Sun and Venus here strengthen this tendency.

But Cancer clings to what it has and hoards for the proverbial 'rainy day'. Ruled by the Moon, Cancer loves publicity, fears criticism, and ridicule, can become psychotically self-protective, and patriotic to the extreme.

Mercury in Cancer causes Americans to seem good-natured. Our outlook would be considered broad at first glance; but Mercury is opposed by Pluto, the real heavy of the zodiac---and the result is pathological paranoia, especially directed toward countries overseas. The pananoid, clannish Cancer will protect its own---in this case, its wealth---at any cost.

Our position of wealth may well change---in 1973, transiting Saturn will cross our Sun, bringing poverty to abundance.

In our fifth house (education, young people, theatre) we also find Saturn --Depressive, cold and restrictive. Saturn is well aspected, and thus strngthened by our Aquaruis Moon and our Mars in Gemini. This serves to firmly establish autocratic leadership in our schools. Saturn (Justice) is exalted by its placement in Libra (law); thus we have the American motto --'Equal Justice under Law.' A noble idea but heavily pulled under by adverse aspect to our Sun.

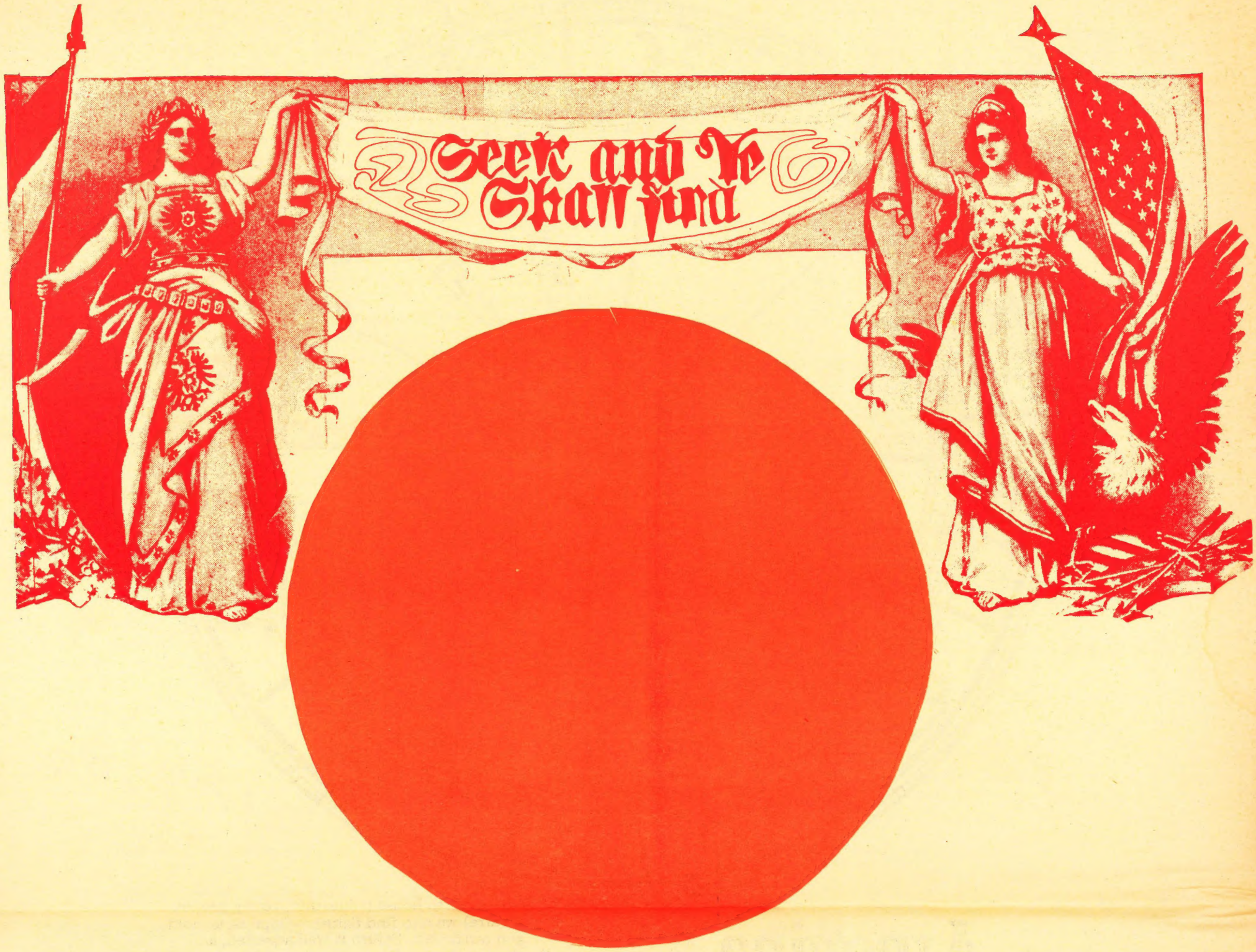
Since 1962 both Pluto and Uranus have been transiting our 5th house, bringing REVOLUTION and an undermining of our educational system. In 1971 Uranus (sudden changes) will cross Saturn (restriction) causing permanant structural changes in our uniiversities; these changes will probably be made by people under 21.

In our 10th house, the house ruling affairs of government, we find our Aquarius Moon. It is part of a 'grand triune' between our Moon, Mars, and Saturn, all of these air signs,--the signs of the MIND. This is a powerfulindication of our potential brilliance. In fact, it is here in Aquarius that the promise of our horoscope lies--the Aquarian promise of great idealism and humanitarianism...for the promise of America at best is to govern the world through the humanitarian use of Science andTechnology. But we have failed. We could have been the birthplace of a truly democratic, just, technological society; but our fears, our paranoia, our pathological fascination with the 'new' and the flashy have spelled out our own destruction.

But Nations,
like people can be reborn.
so we will.

--Marly

July 3, 1970
HUNDRED FLOWERS 15



'And he said unto them, 'Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: But unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables.'

Mark 4:11

All sciences attempt to predict what will happen when carefully measured factors occur under clearly controlled conditions.

Astrology, the mother of science, is man's first attempt to draw a sense of order out of the seemingly-inherent chaos and unpredictability of life on the earth.

Mundane astrology is the branch of astrology that studies the influence of the zodiac and planets on nations, governments, and cities. It is used to illuestrate tendencies and to predict events.

For a nation, it is done by erecting a map of the heavens for a specific time in history, e.g. July 4, 1776. This becomes the birthdate of the nation. The declinations and longtitudes of the planets are then computed just as is the chart of an individual.

There is much debate among astrologers about the true time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The chart I have presented here was drawn up by a professional astrologer who spent many years studying astology in its relationship to our history. The interpretation that follows is primarily my own.

Basically America has the chart of a genius. With Gemini on the ascendant, we are bright, creative, communicative, lovers of science, literature---and most of all, variety.

Gemini is also duplistic---i.e., the die-hard two-party system.

The first house represents the people and the apparent condition of the country. It is also an index to general health. With Uranus on the ascendant we appear flashy. Uranus, the planet of invention and electricity, also brings with it the inevitability of strikes and revolutions.

We perhaps appear much more revolutionary than we are---although we do tend to think in those terms, e.g., 'a revolution in laundry detergent'.

Mars in Gemini increases our restlessness and adds to our mechanical genius. It also adds nervousness, militarism, and impulsive action.

Neptune, the planet that rules poisons and fumes is in our 5th house (education and amusements), in bad aspect to Mars, planet of fire and war---pointing out a vulnerability to fires and poisonous gases. This seems to be an indication of the danger we now face from pollution and revolutionary burnings.

In mundane astrology, Neptune also represents communism, and today, hippies. Thus Mars (militarism) square Neptune accounts for America's antagonistic attitude to both.

The fifth house rules young people, entertainment, and education.

Continued on page 15